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A CREED.

To be earnest, to be strong,
To make light the way with song;
Slow to anger, quick to praise,
Walking steadfast through the days,
Firm of purpose, sure of soul,
Pressing onward to the goal,
Upright, even, undismayed,
Sure, serene, unafraid.

* * * *

To be gentle, to forgive,
True to life and glad to live;
To be watchful and to be
Rich with boundless charity;
To be humble in success,
Strong of heart in bitterness,
Tender, gracious, thoughtful, good
In our man- and womanhood.

—J. W. Foley.

THE PACIFIC

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(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed)

W. W. Ferrier, - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

"WE LIVE WELL WHILE WE DO LIVE."

These words came from Captain Ball, "the prince of English fliers," one day when servants of the officer's mess were helping him to make his room at the front comfortable. He burst out into a merry laugh and chuckled: "We haven't long to live, but we live well while we do live." Chaplain Tiplady, author of "The Cross at the Front," comments on these words in his latest book, "The Soul of the Soldier," remarking: "There you have it! Life is concentrated. Death is near, just round the corner; so the men make the most of their time and 'live well.'

But it may be asked "What is implied in that expression, 'live well'" Chaplain Tiplady explains what he means:

"The immediate presence of death at the front gives tone to every expression of life, and makes it the kindest place in the world. No one feels that he can do too much for you; and there is nothing you cannot do for another. Whether you are an officer or a private, you can get a lift on any road, in any vehicle, that has any room in it. How often have I seen a dozen tired Tommies clambering up the back of an empty motor-lorry which has stopped or slowed down, to let them get on. It is one of the merriest sights of the war and redounds to the credit of human nature. Cigarettes are passed round, by those who have, to those who have not, * * * You need never go hungry. Officers are welcome at every mess they go near, and privates will get food in the servant's kitchen or may go shares with the men in any billet. It may be a man's own fault that he took no food on the march, and his comrades may tell him so in plain strong language, but they will compel him to share what they have just the same."

Mr. Tiplady says that one wet night on the Somme he got lost and could not find his regiment. Seeing a light in a tent he made for it. "It was a pioneer's tent, but they invited me to come in out of the storm and stay the night. They were at supper and had only a small supply of bully-beef biscuits and strong tea, but they insisted on me sharing what they had. I was dripping with rain and they gave me one of their blankets. One of them gave me a box to sleep on, while he shared his chum's. Some lost privates came in later wet to the skin and the pioneers gave them all the eatables left over from supper and shared out their blankets and clothes."

The chaplain's comment is: "It was pure Christianity—whatever creeds they may think they believe." He calls it, "the glamour of the front," and says that "England feels cold after it," that kindness and comradeship pervade the air in France," that "you feel there that every one is a friend and brother." And the feeling is that it will be pretty hard for chaplains to go back to their churches—unless the war has brought changes there also.

Chaplain Tiplady expresses the opinion that perhaps most of all "the glamour of the front is found in the nobility to which common men arise.'

"An artillery officer told me that he had in his battery a soldier who seemed utterly worthless. He was dirty in all his ways, and unreliable in character. In despair they made him sanitary orderly—that is, the scavenger whose duty it was to remove all refuse. One night the officer wanted a man to go on a perilous errand, and there were few men available. Instantly this lad volunteered. The officer looked at him in amazement, and with a reverence born on the instant. 'No,' he thought, ' I will not let him go and get killed; I'll go myself.' He told the lad so, and disappointment was plainly, written on his features. 'But, you'll let me come with you, Sir?' he replied. 'Why should two risk their lives,' asked the officer, when one can do the job?' 'But you might get wounded, sir,' was the quick response, and they went out together."

An Irish officer told the chaplain of one man who "seemed bad from top to toe." All the others under him had some redeeming feature, but this man appeared to have none. He used the filthiest language and was dirty in his habits and dress. He was drunken and he stole the officer's whisky out of the mess. He was unchaste.

But the regiment went to France and took its place in the trenches, and then there appeared in this man something never before on the surface at least. "Wherever there were wounded and dying men he proved himself to be the noblest man in the regiment; when a man fell in No Man's Land he was over the parapet in the twinkling of an eye to bring him in. No barrage could keep him away from the wounded. * * * * To save others he risked his life scores of times. In rest billets he would revert to some of his evil ways; but in the trenches he was the Greatheart of the regiment, and though he did not receive it, he earned the Victoria Cross over and over again."

Chaplain Tiplady's testimony in this book "The Soul of the Soldier," is that life at the front has made him feel mean among mankind. He says also that he understands now something of the meaning of the words which the unemployed scrawled upon their banner before the war—"Damn your charity. Give us work." This he holds to be "a deep and true saying"—something taught them by a stern teacher.

"When the war came we did damn our charity, and gave them work. Many a man got his first chance of doing 'a man's job,' and rose to the full height of his manhood."

Everything coming to us from the battle-front makes it evident that men are living well there while they do live How is it back home? Let the next article in The Pacific this week give answer at least in part.

ARE THE PEOPLE AT HOME LIVING WELL WHILE THEY DO LIVE?

In the preceding article there was a picture of life on the battle front. It will no doubt be of value to have the life at home pictured also. Many have written about it, but just now we shall draw from a recent book by George Lansbury an Englishman of considerable prominence—a

retired business man, one giving much time to movements for social betterment. In his book "Your Part in Poverty," published last year, he wrote:

"Going through the London streets during the last two years all of us have seen motor-cars driven by ladies and loaded with wounded soldiers. It is a great sight, which brings home to all of us the fact that the woman who drives the car and the woman who in many cases accompanies her as a kind of general servant have for the time being banished from their minds all thought of class distinction; they are publicly demonstrating that so far as the war is concerned, there is an attempt at unity of aim among the rich and wealthy in an effort to lighten the load of suffering and pain endured by those men who propertyless and poor, possessing nothing of material wealth, possessing not even a single yard of the land which millions of them are fighting and dying for, have proved they possess things of real worth—have demonstrated it by deeds of heroic valor on the battlefields of Europe."

As to these things Mr. Lansbury says: "The spirit that has impelled rich people to do this sort of thing is good and well worth preserving; but as I have looked at them in their comfortable cars, enjoying the pleasure of service, the thought has always come to my mind: Why do not these people understand that in days of peace there is just as insistent a call to them for this kind of service. These soldiers are the same men who till the fields, weave our raiment, dig our coal, and in fact provide us with all we need; but when they are doing that no rich women desire to give them joy rides."

Taking into consideration the fine sacrifice humanity has shown itself to be capable of both at the front and at home since the world war began, Mr. Lansbury writes: "We must organize this enthusiasm, this selflessness for a greater and nobler fight. We can do this all the more cheerfully because the warfare in which we shall engage is one which will bring life and hope to men and women of every race and clime. In our march forward we shall have no hosts of wounded, maimed or dying; no widows, orphans, or devastated homes; but instead, as we succeed in destroying evil in our own lives, and in calling men and women to repentance and hope, we shall be bringing to others life, and life more abundantly, for they will each be brought to see the sacredness, the beauty and nobility of all life, and made to understand that personal salvation is of little worth unless it is accompanied by the salvation of one's fellow men and women."

For those people who have talents which they are inclined to use for their own personal enrichment, Mr. Lansbury has this word:

"Let us keep in mind that people who are clever, people who can invent and organize, can do so only by building on the work of others. True social co-operation means that we give our very best, whether of brain power or manual power, for the service of mankind."

This is something which in our judgment mankind must be brought to realize more profoundly than ever before if it is not to go to the scrap heap. There will have to be put into the word service all that Jesus Christ put into it.

Mr. Lansbury writes: "During the present war there has been a great deal of Press talk about the breakdown of class distinctions; the nation has been represented as showing a united front, and ready to spend and to be spet on behalf of the country."

As to this he says: "Those acquainted with the facts of everyday life know that this unity has been to a very large extent quite superficial. It is true that on the battlefield men of all classes have sacrificed themselves with a heroism and devotion unequaled in the history of the world. But at home luxury and wealth, poverty and misery still abound. High profits and dividends are still being accumulated, and large numbers of people owning shares in shipping companies, munitions works, and other industrial concerns have piled up money to an ever-increas nig extent. We read of shipping companies whose profits have quadrupled, of coal owners whose dividends have been trebled, of monopolists who by control of our food supplies and other necessaries of life have piled up enormous profits, of government contractors who are patriotic enough to limit their profits for a few months to the sum of 170,000 pounds, of owners of land who receive a king's ransom as the purchase price of land which the nation needs. Other owners of land keep so selfish a hold on it that they refuse its use to the poor for cultivation, preparing to hold it idle until an altogether fabulous price is paid for its use. We also read of men discharged from the army without pensions, of others with a miserable dole of 4s, 8d. or thereabouts. At the same time we hear of national gifts to great generals of 100,000 pounds, of pensions fo rjudges of 3,500 pounds a year, of cabinet ministers who retire on 1,200 pounds a year; and all these men have received great salaries. . . . The soldier in the army is said to cost 250 pounds a year. Out of the army the same man is expected to keep himself and wife and family on wages from 16 shillings to 40 shillings a week. . . . . Not much equality of service or sacrifice is shown by these facts from life today."

Mr. Lansbury makes comparison of the life conditions which prevail amongst the wives and dependents of soldiers and those which prevail amongst the commercial and landed classes, remarking: "The soldier's wife has been plundered and robbed by high prices, and some of the very people who have obtained their money because of these high prices have been good enough to establish Tipperary and other clubs in order to provide some recreation and amenities of life for the soldier's and sailor's folk."

All the talk about the unity of the nation, he declares, "comes not so much from actual life as from the desire, which all decent people must share, that the unity of life which is expressed in the words 'comradeship of the trenches' may find expression in our own lives at home. . . . But the firm conviction is that 'the giving of doles, subscriptions to charity, cannot make up to the workers the robbery and exploitation from which they suffer."

THE FUTURE OF THE PACIFIC.

Several months ago it was stated in The Pacific that plans were being considered on which it was hoped that The Pacific might be made more serviceable. A reorganization has been effected—a board of directors, composed of nine representative men, elected; and a corps of contributing editors to aid an editor-in-chief chosen, the names of all of whom will be given next week. At that time or the following week there will be a statement by that board of directors and the paper will be carried on thereafter under their direction.

A few weeks ago the Editor and Manager of The Pacific was asked by friends of his and of the paper to prepare an article which would set forth some of the things which led him to undertake the work more than twenty years ago, along with some of the financial difficulties which have been faced and met during those years and the continuance of the paper thus made possible. That article is printed this week.

One need not be erratic to be original.

LESS TAR AND MORE INK; LESS LYNCHING AND MORE LIGHT!

So writes Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, Secretary of the International Reform Bureau in a letter from Washington:

"All reputable papers should make swift protest against the rising mob spirit. I have heard an audience of prominent business men cheer a reckless speaker who regretted that a workman had been prevented from killing a fellow-workmen with an iron bar because of a remark he construed as disloyal. The excuses for lynching foreigners in the North are the same as for lynching Negroes in the South; that law is too slow, too uncertain, and too lenient; that lynching will be a wholesome deterrent. These excuses are as invalid in the new case as in the old.

"The charges against the Kaiser are not that he has made war, but that he does not fight in accordance with international law. He tears up laws as 'scraps of paper.' And that is exactly what every lynching party does—every group of citizens that takes a man by force even to make him kiss the flag. He is entitled by the Constitution, by the principles of civilization itself, to a fair trial. If the laws are not severe enough, let us ask legislators to make them more drastic. If the judgments of the courts are too lenient, let us elect new judges or urge reasons for greater severity upon those now in office. We cannot afford to adopt the Kaiser's lawless ways.

"Most of all we need to adopt in dealing with those not in sympathy with the war, the Missouri motto, 'Show me.' When a thousand immigrants from Austria-Hungary in one of our camps, on the declaration of a state of war with the dual monarchy, were told they were entitled to discharge as 'enemy aliens,' Prof. H. A. Miller, of Oberlin, who knew the sentiments of Bohemians and Slovaks of that empire, asked the privilege of telling them in their own tongues of the 'self-determination' President Wilson was determined to secure for Bohemia and for Serbians and Rumanians in Austria-Hungary. The result was that 95 per cent of these Bohemians and Slovaks decided to volunteer and fight with the Allies for the liberty of their own peoples.

"What is needed just now is less tar, and more ink; less lynching and more light."

SPEAKING TO SOLDIERS.

By Roy H. Campbell.

Strength, elemental strength, domineering masculine force looks back at you when you face a crowd of Uncle Sam's soldiers in an Association tent. There is a feel to the place, packed with tan-colored men, the air reeking with tobacco smoke and close with sweaty bodies—a feel of life, intense and purposeful. For months I have been facing these men in the six Associations in which I have been entrusted with the religious leadership. That force strangely grips a speaker. It has compelling hands. It speaks to one if he cares to listen, with a commanding voice

This definite power in a crowd of "Y" soldiers challenges one instantly to give all he possess of strength in return. It tells one to be straightforward, to be clear-cut, to step out along some direct path and get to the journey's end. A speaker can't be easy with it; he can't be weak with it; there can be no flippancy here. It is a hard two-fisted struggle one has on every time he faces those men and the chairman announces he will "talk." I have seen men attempt it and fail. Men have come up to the edge of the Y. M. C. A. platform, buttressed with the sense of a large church in a nearby city, with a comfortable salary, with years of leadership, sure and easy, and have struck out with the first three balls. Speakers equipped with oratory and with an unusual command of Latin-derived words have taken on that crowd and stumbled along over the time limit to a dull and feeble end. Reputation, ecclesiastical dignity, down-town churches, and the sure denominational standing forsake men, I notice, in the first few moments of smiling easement, and then it is win or lose, each man according to the thing he has to give.

Others, whose experience in public address has been too brief to cultivate undue self-assurance, have by that very lack risen out of the narrow conventional bounds, and have answered to that unspoken demand with something high and fine. Many a singer has found a new and deeper emotional quality in his voice as it has been summoned to express a truer sentiment than has been its wont. Testimony from many men and women makes me confident in asserting that in the Association tent or building, jammed to the guards with our fighting men, there is a force, a power, an energy, name it what you will, elsewhere unmatched.

Now this is not at all to be confounded with the mere physical energy of massed males. The huge crowd which greets one at the Union Iron Works does not possess this spirit . It is lacking in a banquet group at the Elks Lodge, in a church Men's Club, or even in the more stressful gatherings at the Central Labor Council. I am disposed to point out the individual qualities which give an Association soldier crowd its pecular power.

First, there is downright simplicity. The plain tent or building without ornament, with nothing more than a sort of homely comfort, aids and abets this spirit. The benches, without backs, in straight and unrelieved rows across, and the rough, unpainted floor give the proper setting for this simplicity of spirit. The uniforms, too, outline it. Shoes all alike at $4.98 a pair, leggings differing only enough to distinguish the cavalry, with their leather surface for the horse's side, from the infantry; breeches, blouse and campaign hat alike, save for a chevron or cord of different design and color—these uniforms speak for simplicity. Individuality, the peculiar taste, or the choice of color of no single man can be expressed in either the cut of his clothes, in the mode of neckwear, or even in the selection of a fedora or derby as the season voices its demand. Not a thing a man wears suggests an experience in his past life. Everything here is reduced to first principles. Now this is not simply an exterior material simplicity. The floor, the four walls around, the outward aspect of the massed men are but visible tokens of an inner simplicity.

This form of life is a visible symbol of the life itself. Simplicity of mind is one of the very necessites of a soldier. Artficial stimulus was removed so much when these lads graduated from civilian to army life, so many causes for diverse thought and action were laid aside, that in their place has come a simple, elemental outlook upon life. There need be for the time at least, no long look ahead to a life work. There is now no planning and plotting for a home. There is no need of a struggle to hold one's job, or to save for the future. Even love-making for a season has to be abandoned. What the day holds of drilling and maneuvers and the night holds of honest sleep, must suffice. All else lies safe within the inscrutable will of the War Department. But it has its compensations. This life of action, of discipline, of simple fare and frugal living, this life of straight, lean forms, of hard resting on hard beds, of clean air—with no artificial excitement, few dances, no liquor, no cabaret—I say this army life makes for simple, direct men. When one faces them of a night, and presumes to take twenty minutes of their attention to his own ideas and desires for them, it stands him in good stead to meet them in a like simple, direct fashion.

Another element, I believe, which has its part to play in making up the peculiar power of a soldier crowd, is that these men embody a great purpose. They never seem to

me a casual group of hearers. They cannot be called an easy gathering, when evening summons them to the "Y" tent or building. They are in a different mood from men who foregather in their club or lodge down town. There is just as much jollity and chatting, and even more; there is just as much freedom, but there is an air too that even in this place of relaxtion they are about their business. They do something. They write letters; they play checkers; they read; they look or listen. I do not mean for a moment that there is any mock solemnity, or any tension as though they were fearful lest they should not be reckoned real soldiers. There is absolute physical and mental relaxation. These men are off their work and they are keenly bent on getting all they can of life and color. I say these men are engaged in recreation, but it is the recreation of men who know their own great business, who have the main thing in life settled. They shoulder each other about; they swing across the floor; they plant themselves on the benches as though they should say, "I'm going to do this for a bit, but my job is fighting." These men look, they breathe, they talk, they walk, they listen, always under the spell of a great and dominant purpose. The speaker who fails to sense this is blind. And the sermon which goes meandering along and does not take account of that purpose is a poor and wobbly thing.

On the other hand, no group bends so readily to the mind of the man who can match them with a like purpose. The very fact that they are bent upon some accomplishment gives them mobility. They can be directed like as a ship answers to a rudder when it is under steam. Six Associations, whose religious and educational directors are under my supervision, put before me the varied problems of six distinct types of fighting men. There are sailors, a rollicking bunch, 4,000 of them; there are cavalrymen on the Mexican border; there are artillerymen at Fort Rosecrans; there are United States Regulars, the 21st Infantry; there are Naval Reserves at the Harbor Patrol, and there are aviators at the great North Island aviation school. These men differ in service traditions, in the type of uniform they wear, even their local slang has its own flavor, but in this point they are all alike; they are welded together into a dominant force by their single-hearted devotion to a mighty purpose. A wise speaker facing them in their hours of assembly takes strict account of that.

A third factor I find particularly on a Wednesday or a Sunday evening. It fronts me as I face the mass of men which takes every available bench, some sitting on the counter and standing in the corners. This statement may amaze you, but I find this—an insistent demand for religion. I confess that I wonder at it, though I ought not. I have been astounded to find it, though I should be ashamed to admit it. Men have come before our "Y" crowds, religious men, men who have come solely that they might give a religious message, and facing this crowd for the first time have camouflaged their religion. The second time usually they do not do so for they have learned when the men have really begun to listen and when their thoughts go home. They have discovered that intent eyes seek their face, and the earnest, listening attitude is evident when in direct fashion they speak about God, about Christ, about the things which feed men's souls.

The soldiers and sailors of Uncle Sam today are face to face with religion. They are in a religious atmosphere. I venture to say more young men have scrutinized the essentials of life with personal interest since war was declared, than did so during the whole decade preceding. The Lord seems today, as of old, to choose mysterious ways His wonders to perform. This is not because the Association insists on presenting religion. I believe many of us would be tepid enough, did not the men demand it. A noted speaker here in the Western Department, a man whose church released him because of the peculiar strength of his religious message, contented himself at first with giving to the finest and largest groups of men we could produce for him, one hour on "Why we are fighting Germany," and ten minutes on "Christ's demand of the men who fight." He has long ago put the reverse lever on this. That change came about, not because of any planned program, but because it was the only answer to a clearly voiced demand. These men are not content with jokes, or illustrations, or near-religion. They really want to know about certain enduring values. They wish to learn what God expects of them in the great issues they face. They desire to be assured by a man who knows, that Christ will stand by.

When a man talks about religion to the men of the Army and Navy, he is speaking about things in which his hearers seem to be thoroughly at home. The atmosphere is not strained when a man speaks about God. No care need be taken to inject the Christian message in homeopathic doses. It fits in naturally at any time. It can neighbor comfortably with a vaudeville on one side, and a "five reel feature film" on the other. All it has to do is to show its colors, and at once it gets the right of way.

There may be other elements which make up the compelling force of a "Y" soldier or sailor crowd, but these three I have met face to face and understand.

"LYNCHING: AN AMERICAN KULTUR?"

The New Republic, a Journal in which are considered in the fairest and frankest manner the vital questions of the day, had an editiorial in its issue for April 13 on the above caption which we reproduce in The Pacific this week in full. There is need that utterances, strong, and able, such as this, have wide circulation at once. At the National Congregational Council last October in Columbus, Ohio, Professor Steiner of Iowa College, remarked that "it is not a far cry from East St. Louis to Belgium." And the Rev. Dr. Proctor, pastor of the large and influential Congregational Church, at Atlanta, Georgia, a church for the Negroes, declared in The Congregationalist a few weeks ago that nothing worse had been done in Belgium than is being done from month to month to the Negro in the United States. Are we rapidly moving on to the abyss? The New Republic article, a timely one, reads as follows:

"In itself, the lynching of Robert Prager at Collinsville, Illinois, was a revolting crime. He was one, his pursuers were five hundred, who after baiting him to their hearts' content, deliberately murdered him. All this took place in broad daylight, in a community of five thousand inhabitants, presumably representative American, although most probably infected with the spirit of the neighboring community of East St. Louis, where an equally abhorrent crime of recent commission still cries in vain for adequate punishment. If there were in the community men with any sense of humanity and fair play and the courage to take personal risks in the defense of the weak, the silence of the press does them grave injustice. What must the world think of Collinsville? The victim of its fury, for all Collinsville, is able to report to the contrary, was an innocent man. He had not only avowed his loyalty to America but had proved it by causing the arrest of a real alien enemy and by attempting to enlist in the American navy, from which he was debarred only by physical disabilities. He was set upon by drunken rowdies whose ranks rapidly filled with so-called 'best citizens' and was brutally slain, while the more decent members of the community expostulated mildly or averted their eyes. The

gentler Turks behave likewise, while helpless Armenians are being done to death.

"It is not possible for any community to sink to a greater depth of degradation. But this is not the gravest aspect of the matter. Can the American people wash their hands quite clean of the guilt of Collinsville? That depends on how much truth there is in the charge that lynching is a part of the American Kultur just as frightfulness is a part of the German Kultur. The Kultur of frightfulness rests upon conceptions of racial and political superiority that pretend to lift the aggressor above the plane of ordinary right and decency. When the Kaiser instructed his soldiers in the Boxer expedition to make the German name a terror engraved upon the heart of the Chinese, he was arrogating to himself and his people a position of superiority to the common dictates of humanity. On what other ground does a mob of white Americans justify the burning of negroes? When German atrocity-mongers charged the helpless Belgians with the gouging out of soldiers' eyes and cried for ruthless reprisals upon the race whose political system they sought to destroy, were they not pursuing a course paralleled by the atrocity-mongers of this country with their persistent circulation of ground glass myths, of which federal investigators have investigated more than two hundred, only to find a single authentic case, and that one of ordinary sabotage? In both cases a peculiar Kultur is invoked to justify in advance whatever outrages later may be committed. We have justly made a chief point in our indictment of the German nation that not merely the unthinking mob, but men of high station have condoned and even approved the atrocious acts committed in the name of Germany. Have not Americans in high station condoned the lynching of negroes? And in the case of the Prager lynching, how many Americans in high station have protested against the offence? The mayor of Collinsville has telegraphed to Senator Overman demanding the imposition of heavy penalties, upon what? Such crimes as have disgraced the city where he holds office? No, disloyalty, the crime apparently not committed by the unhappy victim. From Washington it is reported that members of the Cabinet are using the Prager case as an argument for a more drastic law against disloyalty, and in the United States Senate a member with an otherwise honorable record is reported as accepting the Prager lynching as an example of what must happen if we do not have more stringent laws dealing with disloyalty. 'If we do not handle the situation adequately, it will be handled by popular justice, through mob courts and lynch tribunals.' 'lynch tribunals!' 'Popular justice,' 'mob courts,' 'lynch tribunals!' These phrases are sufficient to define quite precisely the Senator's Kultur.

"That mob violence is to be explained in terms of the law or the inefficiency of the courts is a species of sickening cant that discredits our national intelligence. The great majority of negroes lynched, as everyone ought to know, are charged, not with rape, for which legal penalties are inadequate to satisfy a part of the community, but with theft, arson, murder, and other crimes for which adequate penalties are at hand. The victims of lynching are not malefactors of great wealth or high social standing, who might escape justice through influence or the skill of counsel, but the poor and friendless, whose chances in the regularly constituted courts are none too favorable. Mob violence arises out of malevolence and thirst for blood; it is a species of collective criminality for which there is just one cure; punishment. There are no lynchings in countries where lynchers are relentlessly hunted down by the law as common murderers. We shall have lynchings in America only so long as they remain a part of our national Kultur, immune from prosecution, condoned by even the better classes.

"We believe that the laws dealing with treason, sedition and disloyalty should be revised, to cover all offenses that are directed toward aiding the enemy. Sabotage and arson are one kind of crime when the motive is personal, they fall under another category of crime when the motive is to handicap our country at war and to aid the enemy. When the motive of such crimes is of a domestic character they may properly be dealt with by the local and state governments; when the motive is of national or international character, the crimes ought to be dealt with by the federal government. Arson and sabotage in aid of the enemy ought to be swiftly, surely and drastically punished; as they can be only if the federal laws are properly extended, and so of many other offenses that are essentially directed against the nation, but that have remained illogically under state jurisdiction. We believe that the federal department of justice should have ample powers to deal with such crimes, because we regard this as an essential measure of national defense, not because we are under any illusion that mob violence will thereby be reduced. On the contrary, there is every reason for believing that with the multiplication of acts subsumed under the legal caption of disloyalty, the occasions for mob violence will increase, unless measures are taken to make private man hunting a dangerous pastime.

"The putting down of mob violence, it will be said, is a matter for the state and local authorities; and this means, unfortunately, that nothing will be done about it. So also is arson a matter to be dealt with by the state and local authorities, except when arson comes to be affected with an anti-national interest, as it is when warehouses or munitions works are destroyed by German agents or by persons working for the triumph of Germany. What about lynching when it is affected with an anti-national interest? If the federal government can take the one kind of crime under its jurisdiction, so also can it take the other kind."

"It is our national purpose to stand before the world as a clean and honorable nation. We do not want our Allies to be burdened with the necessity of apologizing for our Kultur, as Austria-Hungary must apologize for the Kulturs of Germany and Turkey. It is our national purpose to line up our whole people behind our war, those whose blood was orginally drawn from Germany as well as those whose blood was drawn from countries in alliance with us. It is our national purpose so to comport ourselves that defenseless Americans held in enemy countries shall not be subjected to cruel reprisals. Outrages inflicted by mobs upon Germans or Americans of German blood are calculated to thwart us in all these purposes. They are clearly offenses directed, not against the state and local governments, but against the nation in its hour of peril. Shall we omit them from the list of offenses which we are about to place under the jurisdiction of the federal courts? To do so is to condone them and to acknowledge them as a part of our national Kultur."

PHYSICAL RIGHTEOUSNESS.

By Charles L. Kloss, Pastor of Plymouth Church, Oakland.

We all want health and happiness, and can have it if we earn it by obedience. Most of us are committing slow suicide through either ignorance or disobedience to the elemental laws of physical and spiritual being.

We should give all due regard to the study of anatomy, the tracking of every bacillus to its lair, the action and conservation of nervous energy; but man is more than an animal. If a patient develops a disordered digestion, a doctor's prescription may prove a palliative; but it will not cure if this man is a prey to sleepless worry, if he is facing bankruptcy, or if his home is a miniature edition

of the infernal regions.

There is no antitoxin for sick nerves. Fear, worry, depression, exaggerated self-consciousness or self-depreciation brings a brood of physical ills for which no chemical shop has the remedy. Here are men who are the worst kind of spendthrifts, dissipating vital energy and facing the most awful bankruptcy; they are overtaken by defeat, exhaustion and despair; they face a famine—not of bread, but of hope and joy. Will a bromide reach their case?

Medical science is a necessary branch of the spiritual. If the former deals only in the material, it is mutilated science and its remedies are but makeshift. To effect cures, the cause must be known and treated, and it is safe to assert that a majority of physical ills are due to a lack of correspondence to spiritual environment. The truth in mental healing and even the virtues of most drugs, lie in the fact that the curative power is resident in the soul of man. It is faith responding to suggestion. The real art and science of living is discovering how to couple human wills with an Infinite Will, to take Christ as the Saviour of the body as well as of the soul—the Saviour of the whole man; to make ourselves temples of the Omnipotent Suggester, the Holy Spirit.

ANNUAL MEETING OF WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND SOUTHERN BRANCH OF WOMAN'S BOARD.

The annual meeting of the Southern California Woman's Home Missionary Union and of the Southern Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific was held in San Bernardino, April 8-9.

The meeting was opened with a devotional period, Mrs. George Robertson of Redlands presiding.

Nearly two hundred delegates were in attendance.

Miss Anna Meeker of Pasadena, gave an illuminating talk on "War and Missions," followed by Mrs. A. E. Evans of San Francisco, president of the W. B. M. P., who spoke on "Missions on a War Basis," showing how the work is being kept up in spite of the unusual demands of the year.

The Rev. and Mrs. Arthur Peebles delighted with their music, which is so heartfelt, and shows the pleasure which they bring into the lives of the people in the hills in San Diego county. The accompaniment of the Rev. Peebles on his auto harp adds much to the melody.

Mrs. J. P. McNaughton of Los Angeles, spoke on the Armenian question, "Within the Enemy's Lines." She told of the alliance of the kaiser with Sultan Abdul Hamid II, when in the early 90's, the kaiser and kaiserin traveled across the Mohammedan world, and prepared to exterminate the Armenians because they could not be subdued. One of the results of that visit was the giving of the Constantinople-Bagdad railway into the hands of the kaiser for future use. As the Armenian Christians kept to their faith in spite of the political troubles and aided Europe in time of trouble, so now America should arise to protect these Christians. The latest cable advices are the 100,000 children are dying like sheep in the streets, and if they could be given but one crust of bread a day, life could be sustained.

Rev. H. B. Mowbray presided at the evening session and introduced the quartet of melodious singers from the Fiske university, Tennessee, who charmed the audience with their music.

Dr. Briggs of Strait university, of New Orleans, introduced Mrs. Ida Vose Woodbury, the speaker of the evening. The keynote of Mrs. Woodbury's speech was that men must be made fit for liberty and worthy of power, and she said that if America cannot be the exponent of democracy, its influence as a Christian nation on the other nations of the world will be futile. Immigration is not the supreme test of the Melting Pot, the negro is the supreme test. This alien race of dusky skin was the only nation which had a pressing invitation to these shores and which had its passage paid.

Extermination or deportation will not do, as in the first case; the 12,000,000 negroes have increased 499 each 24 hours for 50 years, and in the latter case, not enough ships could sail fast enough to transfer them to other shores. And this country owes something to the negro, for he tramped with his white brethren in the snow to Valley Forge, and in other ways and at other times showed his undying patriotism. Van Dyke has said: "Every soul denied the right to grow beneath that flag, shall be its secret foe." Mrs. Woodbury closed her patriotic Christian appeal by saying "America must be made fit for democracy, that democracy may be made safe for the world."

The second day of the meeting proved in many ways as interesting and full of good things as the previous one. "Americanizing Our Aliens" was the general subject of the four who spoke first, Mrs. E. C. Norton of Claremont, Mrs. Carl S. Patton of Los Angeles, Mrs. Martin Abernethy of Claremont and Mrs. George H. Clark of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Patton is the wife of the pastor of the First Congregational Church in Los Angeles, and because of former residence in Columbus, Ohio, gave a first-hand account of the Schauffler school in Cleveland. This training school is interdenominational and for foreign girls, 40 nationalities being represented. The "gift in gold," which had been raised by the various societies for the school, was augmented to $500 yesterday.

Mrs. E. Y. Patridge of Whittier, as foreign board secretary in her talk on "News From the Front," reported the work of 40 or 50 societies in both the home and foreign departments. Miss Sarah E. Bundy of Los Angeles, assistant superintendent of the Southern California Congregational Conference, representing 115 churches, in her talk on "Our Camino Real," likened the old Spanish highway of the Catholic missions to the highway of missions in the Protestant churches.

At the close of the morning session eight missionaries present were introduced to the audience.

Mrs. Woodbury gave an address in the afternoon on "Old Spain in New Mexico."

Dr. Kenngott gave an interesting account of work among the soldiers at Camp Kearny.

Dr. Francis spoke on "The Moral Issues of the War." He remarked in the course of his address that the psychological map in the minds of men will be a greater change as a result of the war than any territorial change. People will come down to brass tacks in their religion. For instance, if a person would try to explain to the boys at Camp Kearny the difference between a Baptist and a Congregationalist, the boys would probably get up and go out; they are not interested in the "trimmings," but when they can learn how to become 100 per cent efficient in this great crisis, or about the real love of God, human duty, or what is beyond the grave then they are really interested. In the days soon to come, the speaker stated that he believed there will be very few automobiles on the streets, and that people will be living in an entirely different manner than the easy fashion of the present.

Mrs. George Robertson of Redlands, who has served so devotedly as president of the W. H. M. U. for fifteen years, was made president emeritus.

Mrs. H. L. Hoyt of Eagle Rock, was elected president; and Mrs. Shelton Bissell, of Venice, vice-president.

Other officers of the Woman's Home Missionary Union are:

Secretary—Mrs. H. K. W. Bent, Los Angeles.
Assistant Secretary—Mrs. Edward Crumley, Los Angeles
Treasurer—Mrs. E. C. Norton, Caremont.
District vice-presidents—Covina, Mrs. Mary M. Coman, Redands; Mrs. S. H. Barrett, San Diego; Mrs. George Marston.
Sperintendents—Mrs. O. G. Wicherski, San Diego; Mrs. D. F. Sheldon, Santa Barbara.
Yong Women's work—Mrs. B. F. Tker, Long Beah.
Christian Endeavor—Mrs. E. Judson Brown, Los Angeles.
Children's work—Mrs. George H. Clark, Los Angeles.
Cradle Roll—Mrs. R. S. Vaile, Riverside.
Auditor—George Jencks, Claremont.

The W. B. M. P., Southern Branch officers are:
President—Mrs. J. H. Lash, Pasadena.
Vice-president—Mrs. J. D. Eaton, Los Angeles.
Home Secretary—Mrs. E. Y. Partridge, Whittier.
Foreign Secretary—Miss Anna Meeker, Pasadena.
Treasurer—Miss Emily Barrett, Pasadena.
Auditor—Miss Allen, Pasadena.
District vice-presidents—Los Angeles, Mrs. H. O. Hill; San Bernardino, Mrs. Fred Doolittle; San Diego, Mrs. Thomas O'Hallaran; Santa Barbara, Mrs. Chester Ferris.
District Superintendents:
Christian Endeavor—Mrs. E. Judson Brown, Los Angeles.
Young People's work—Mrs. B. F. Tucker, Long Beach.
Children's work—Miss Annie M. Greene, Sierra Madre.
Cradle Roll—Mrs. Margaret Langley, Highland.
Literature—Mrs. A. C. Blaikie, Ontario.

"A RESTORER OF PREACHING."

The day before the Rev. Dr. Jowett closed his pastorate in New York City, the Evening Post had an editorial with the above caption in which it was said:

"The years during which he has preached at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church have seen vast audiences thronging to hear him. Twice each Sunday he has spoken to all that the church edifice could hold. Strangers within the city's gates have been led to feel that their visit would be incomplete if they did not go at least once to hear Dr. Jowett preach. In this respect he has come near taking the place which Henry Ward Beecher used to occupy. Crowds go where they see the crowd going—even to church. This is not, of course, to say that Dr. Jowett ministered chiefly to a floating congregation. The evidence is clear that he acquired a great hold on those who regularly attended his services. In a day when we speak easily of the decline of the pulpit and the falling off in church-going, it is certainly worth while to pause long enough to ask how it came about that the popularity of preaching seemed to be restored in New York by Dr. Jowett."

The Post says that in no sense is Dr. Jowett a great pulpit orator. "Neither in presence, voice, nor magentic quality is he one of those born to sway assemblies. Matched with such a genius for preaching as Beecher had, Dr. Jowett's gift would look rather small. He has nothing like the splendid rhetoric and brilliant improvisations of Dr. Storrs. Nor could he be compared in perfervid eloquence with Dr. William M. Taylor. One of his own predecessors in the Fifth Avenue church, Dr. John Hall, had a massive simplicity and weight of personal authority which Dr. Jowett does not equal. Yet the people hear him gladly. His success here was notable from the first and has been steady. No one for years has so magnified the office of preacher."

To its own question, "What is there in his methods and results for the churches and for other sons of the prophets to take to heart and profit by? the Post answers:

"To begin with, he has been a preacher, pure and simple. His motto appears to have been: 'This one thing I do.' Dr. Jowett has been very seldom reported as a lecturer, a speaker at public occasions. Always his eye has been on his own pulpit. It is understood that he has been relieved of a great deal of the routine parish work that falls upon many pastors. He has not been known, as Dr. Rainsford was, for example, as the head of a great 'institutional' church. This does not mean that the Fifth Avenue Church had not its due share of schools and missions, but whenever people spoke of Dr. Jowett they spoke of him as a preacher. Upon the work of the pulpit he concentrated himself—totus in illis."

It is remarked that "there is nothing sensational about him." "He is no Talmage, cutting antics in the pulpit. With great sincerity and obvious intensity of conviction. he has a message to deliver. It is full of thought, carefully worked out. Little is left to the inspiration of the moment. Dr. Jowett would never need to recall the cynical advice of Lyman Beecher: 'If you find you have nothing to say, holler the louder.' Audiences in the Fifth Avenue Church saw a man rise, earnest, devout, honestly believing all that he said, and endeavoring to apply the eternal truths of religion to the needs of everyday life. He had, of course, many of the resources of oratory. Emphasis, appeal, gesture—all were there. Dr. Jowett has the necessary art of public speaker in turning his thought all sides about in repeating, illustrating, enforcing, so that the due impression will be left upon the ordinary mind. He has also a gift for poignacy of phrasing, and a subtle and delicate imagination, which enables him to utter words that cling to the memory by their force or beauty. But the main thing that strikes one in his preaching is his seriousness, his elevation, his spirit absorbed n the importance of the word he has to speak."

The Post editorial concludes: "It is often said, regretfully, that the great epoch of the American pulpit is behind us. Changed attitudes, new views of religion, the workaday church—these and many other causes are asserted to have robbed the preacher of his former opportunity, even if the supply of native talent in the churches were as great as it used to be. On such too hasty conclusions, Dr. Jowett's career in New York is the best comment. The pulpit has not decayed for those who can still make it a power. When a preacher comes whose lips have been touched with a live coal from off the altar, the attent audience is never lacking."

SOME REMARKS BY THE REV. BYRON H. STAUFFER, PASTOR OF FIRST CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

The greatness of a church depends on the fidelity of its membership.

The Sunday service is the fountain of all the activities of the organization.

Not a single department of a church can be long sustained and enlarged without being joined to the Sunday Morning service.

If that service dwindles, everything else shrivels.

When that service is large and enthusiastic, the societies will be healthy and efficient.

Do you wish your church to thrive? Then give it your fidelity on Sunday Mornings,—every Sunday morning, unless you are out of town or really sick.

The greatness of your church depends on your fidelity on Sunday morning.

TWENTY YEARS WITH THE PACIFIC.

By W. W. Ferrier, Editor and Manager.

My connection with The Pacific began the latter part of July, 1897. I had been asked in 1896, when it became known to a few that Deacon Smith and the Rev. John Kimball were desirous of handing it over to some one else, if I would consider the taking of it, but gave unfavorable answer. In June, 1897, I returned to California after eight months at my old Indiana home, following the close of my pastorate of two and a half years at Pacific Grove. Going to a Sunday afternoon Y. M. C. A. meeting in Oakland a few hours after our arrival, where Professor Foster of Pacific Theological Seminary was the speaker, I was surprised to hear him say to me at the close of the meeting: "I see that my letter reached you." When I said, "What letter?" he told me that he had suggested to the Board of Directors of The Pacific that I would be a proper person to succeed Mr. Cruzan, who had taken the paper the first of January, 1897, and had asked to be relieved; and that at their request he had written to me with reference thereto. The letter had gone East while I and my wife and boy were coming West. Having been an editor and publisher for eight years in Indiana, I had ever since my arrival in California in January, 1894, been able to estimate the difficulties involved in the publication of The Pacific. Although, on account of throat trouble, I was not intending to take charge of a church again, I had other work in view —editorial work in a city on Puget Sound, where we had resided from 1888 to 1894. After a talk, however, with Mr. Cruzan, I agreed to report the International Christian Endeavor Convention for The Pacific, consult later with the directors, and give the matter proper consideration. Inasmuch as I could not, a week or two later, decide that I ought to take hold as proposed, I expressed a willingness to enter on the work as Editor and Manager for a time, provided Mr. Cruzan's name remained there as Editor and mine be put on as Associate Editor—though I was to do all the work. I wished to avoid another sudden change in the management of The Pacific, for its good, as well as to avoid putting myself in a place where failure might be inevitable.

Some of the Things Leading Me to Take Charge of The Pacific.

About the first of June, 1897, when it was seen how things were going with Mr. Cruzan and The Pacific, the directors pledged fifty dollars a month in aid thereof, and the work of publishing was turned over to a San Francisco printer who was to have all the receipts from subscriptions and advertising for printing the paper and furnishing the stock therefor. I was informed that what was left of the $50 a month, after office rent, telephone bill, press-clipping-agency bill, etc., were paid, would be my salary. I had supposed it would be $35 a month: it turned out to be $30 approximately. But I was satisfied. I saw, as I looked through the files back through the years to 1851, how valuably The Pacific had served every good interest and institution in California and in other parts of The Pacific Coast. I talked with Dr. Willey, who was one of the first editors, and acquired in brief the history of what I realized then had long been a highly serviceable publication. Editorials and other articles in the early years were read or glanced over and it was discerned that The Pacific had helped mightily to defeat the plot to introduce slavery into California. With reference to the movement to secure a convention for the framing of a new constitution, in which convention, by hook or by crook the way should be opened up for slavery, in the southern part of the state if not throughout, it was thus ascertained that The Pacific was the first paper to take an open and bold stand against the plot.

These and other researches and conversations made it apparent that The Pacific had rendered very valuable service to a variety of educational interests, in their founding and on-going—notably so, to the College of California, which became the nucleus for our great University; and some years later to Pacific Theological Seminary.

As to Pacific Theological Seminary, just one citation! It is taken from Dr. Frear's paper read at the Semi-Centennial of the Seminary, "The Faith and Courage of the Founders."

With respect to the conviction that a theological seminary was a necessity in California and of the expression of such conviction at an Association meeting, Dr. Frear said: "The next year this growing conviction received its most pronounced expression in The Pacific.

"In a stirring editorial, and as voicing the feeling and judgment of our ministers and churches, it set forth vividly the existing conditions and then said: "Therefore California needs a theological seminary of its own, and this need is earnest, and steps should be taken to secure one. To be behind in this work and to wait until the necessity glares upon us, will be to consign to those living after us the hopeless endeavor of doing their work and ours. Let it be settled, then, that the thing must be done, and done promptly. Let us respond to the call as a sacred trust of Providence."

These and other services, in addition to the splendid service in varied ways to Congregationalism and the Church kingdom, and the need for a similar service in future years, led to the conclusion that The Pacific was something to which a man might, with good reason, devote the best that there was in him in an effort to perpetuate it.

Some of the Experiences of the First Year.

The experience as editor and publisher in Indiana led me to believe that I could begin in a small way to establish in connection with The Pacific, for the less expensive printing of it, a printing plant. The thought was that nothing should be done that would be risky and perhaps involve loss.

At that time there were, with one exception, linotypes in only the daily newspaper offices in San Francisco. No weekly or monthly had any—no job office, except one owned by Mr. ——. Small offices were afraid to introduce them; it was said that the machines were so intricate that it required a mechanician to keep them in order. In the daily offices no linotype operator looked after a machine; a specialist was employed to do that. This, of course, could be where there were several machines, but not where there was only one. I got acquainted with the man who had one in his job office, and after investigation decided that I was willing to venture the purchase of a linotype, arrange with some office where hand type-setting was being done, to put the machine in there, do their composition in connection with that for The Pacific, arrange with that office to do our press work, etc., in an exchange way, take in what outside composition could be secured, and with that as a beginning, build in one way or another as future months would show to be wisest.

The board of directors of The Pacific favored the plan when it was set before them. They, along with myself, subscribed certain amounts for its furtherance. Outside friends were enlisted. A meeting was called, of pastor and two laymen from the churches of the Bay Association, to be held in the Congregational rooms in the Y. M. C. A. Building, at which it was supposed by the directors and myself the plan would be approved and further financial aid be pledged. About a half-hour before the time for convening information came to me of another plan conceived by some one else, but which it was said was to be presented to the meeting only in event that the one framed by me was not adopted. I sought out the gentleman with the other plan, told him that it had already interfered with the plan suggested by me, that I knew that several persons who would be in attendance favored it in advance, and expressed decided unwillingness to present the plan drawn up by myself unless I were allowed to state in connection therewith that there was another which would be presented immediately and the two considered together. This was agreed to, and the plans were thus presented. I soon saw the trend. I knew that the gentleman urging the other plan was moving on toward something he never could see through; but confident that his plan would be adopted, I withdrew mine. Within twenty-four hours the difficulties of the situation dawned on this gentleman and he was in the office of The Pacific urging me to go on with the paper. The directors urged it also; and as I have understood since, were disappointed in that another plan came up at that time and turned mine aside. The judgment was that it was not best to attempt to further press the plan just at that time, but to raise a subsidy of $100 a month for the next twelve months, and in the meantime decide on plans for the future.

The contract with the printer for the printing of the paper expired early in December, 1897. In order to realize what he wished for his work, subscriptions had been collected closely; and so, despite the subsidy, the amount of money coming in on subscriptions and a small number of advertisements was not sufficient to leave much for the editor and manager after other expenses were paid. After a few months it was evident that a much larger subsidy would be necessary, and this from year to year, if the paper should be continued on that plan. Some of the greatly interested directors talked matters over along with me one

day and decided that the next week certain men of means would be interviewed with the hope of enlisting them in a plan that would put the paper in an established condition. Before the time came to make this effort the Rev. Mr. McDougall came into the office with a friend from Iowa, who had sold out a printing business in that state and was in California looking for a new location. The proposition they had to make was in substance: if The Pacific could be acquired, Mr. McDougall would edit it, Mr. Chapin, the Iowa man, would put in a job office in San Francisco, in which the paper would be printed in connection with other work to be secured. It did not involve the putting in of a linotype as had been contemplated by the Editor and manager of The Pacific of that date; but it did appear to have promise of success.

The Editor called the board of directors together, suggested consideration of the plan; it was adopted, in June, 1898, contract entered into for two years, the subsidy for the remaining months turned over, etc. Mr. Chapin never put in the job office, for the reason that it was evident to him in a few weeks that he had an elephant on his hands; that The Pacific could not be made to pay an editor a living salary, pay into the job office a reasonable amount for the work to be done there; that year by year he would have to take money out of his business to keep it on its way. In a short time he began to break in health as he looked on the burden it would be, went to the directors and asked to be released, suggesting at the same time that Mr. McDougall be continued under an annual subsidy. The directors, knowing well by this time how unsatisfactory such a plan would be, came to me to see whether arrangement could be made with me to take up the work again. Along with an Oakland friend of fine business qualifications, with experience in conducting a paper, I had been looking into what appeared to be a good daily newspaper enterprise in the State of Washington, which we could purchase at a reasonable figure. But I was still interested in The Pacific—believed that it was much needed and that it ought to be perpetuated. I expressed a willingness to undertake the work again if my plan should be adopted by the directors and sufficient stock subscribed to start it on its way.

Plan Adopted and Entered Upon.

The plan was adopted; and its inauguration was assured in October of that year. Mr. McDougall was asked to continue until the end of December; and in January, 1898, we entered on the plan with which it has been possible to keep The Pacific on its way during the twenty years that have passed since that date.

By that time the Mergenthaler Linotype Company had established a sales office in San Francisco, where persons purchasing a machine could have an intended operator given some instruction. A man was found who had some mechanical skill; who, for instance, could take a sewing machine apart, make simple repairs, and put it together again. Such a person, it was the judgment, could be trained soon to give the machine ordinary mechanical attention and overhauling. And so it turned out, happily.

We had not been running long when there was opportunity to buy a part of what had recently been the printing plant of the Methodist Book Concern. That church publishing house had gone out of the printing business as unprofitable, was having its paper printed on contract in the little office run by two printers who had purchased a small part of their large plant. The partnership was not found satisfactory; neither could handle the business alone; it was likely to go ere long to some one. I made an offer for it, and so took the next step which I had foreseen would have to be taken some day when the first had been taken by installing a linotype. I took the risk myself, knowing that it had to be done immediately if at all. That brought to The Pacific printing establishment the printing of the California Christian Advocate, having then a circulation of 2,500, approximately; now, more than 7,500.

This outfit, along with the printing contract for the Advocate, was turned over to the Publishing Company of The Pacific, and additional shares of stock were given me therefor.

But we owned no press; we were sending our forms—having several publications—out to the Salvation Army printing plant, several blocks away, paying for the printing the market price. Our location was on Stevenson street, in the rear rooms and basement of the Methodist Book Concern building, fronting on Market street near McAllister.

Our publications, weekly and monthly, were sent for folding, binding and mailing, to a company on Clay near Sansome, which made a specialty of such work.

A Few of the Many Business Difficulties.

At that date I found myself editing and managing The Pacific, with office at Congregational headquarters in the Y. M. C. A. building, and managing also a printing business located as indicated several blocks away—and with so incomplete an equipment that there could be with the best of management nothing but a hard prolonged struggle. But I was never discouraged. Difficulties had been expected when the venture was made. But with all this to superintend, with all this to do, the work was no more of a tax, no more of a strain than it was after the business was leased in 1908 and I left with only the work of editing and managing The Pacific. For three or four years covering this period a half-dozen splendid men who recognized the worth of The Pacific all the years of its existence and believed profoundly that it ought to go on with its good work, made such donations that it was possible to keep a stenographer and typewriter operator. I should say that it was possible to have several of them—not ever possible to keep them. The salary was such that inexperienced girls had to be taken and trained. For weeks and weeks their work in attending to and proofreading the mailing lists, giving credits thereon for subscriptions, and the keeping of the card credit lists in the office in correct condition, as well as not a little of the simpler clerical work, had to be closely and carefully supervised by the editor and manager. The spelling of some of the members of this procession was such, and their lack of experience such, that not a letter that was dictated could be signed without a thorough reading. But with one exception, all were retained until these deficiencies were remedied in the main. And then came the offer of a better salary elsewhere and they were graduated from The Pacific Training School with recommendations for which some of them express thanks today.

All in all, despite many difficulties, things ran along better in the editorial and business office in the Y. M. C. A. building than they did at the printing office on Stevenson street.

The first foreman, a man who had come along with the purchase of the job office, profiting by experience gained with The Pacific, concluded after a few months to set up as a linotype operator himself in an office where considerable work would be furnished him, and laid down the foremanship to enter thereon. His sister, a very capable person, succeeded him; and later she was carried off by the editor and publisher of a paper in a small California city, who made her his life-long helper in various ways by marrying her.

Next in the train of foremen came a man who had been working in the office for some time, and who had to give up the foremanship in a few months because of a jealous and perhaps mentally unbalanced wife. The wife would come from her home and sit around the office for awhile, walk out around a few blocks, come back, etc.—always close on the track of her husband. Finally word came from the foreman one morinng that he was sick and could not come to work that day, and so on for several days. The wife, it was ascertained afterward, had kept him at home and had compelled him to telephone as aforesaid.

The office up to this time was a non-union one. It was difficult, it was realized by this time, to get reliable men outside the unions. A little research disclosed the fact that by unionizing our office the composition of Town Talk, a weekly society paper, could be secured for our linotype. Their office, well equipped with presses, etc., but one in which composition was still done in the old type-setting way, was only a few hundred feet from ours. The Pacific office was unionized. We were to do their composition; they were to do our press work, etc. Linked up thus with an office in which were working some of the strictest Labor Union men the experiences of that year were such as to give me an inside view on a small scale of the relations of capital and labor, of employer and employee, such as I had never before had. Just one experience of many: The office had only one linotype at that time; it was operated 21 hours out of the 24. A regular operator being sick for a few days, a sub was sent up one night from the Union headquarters. The

Secretary of the Typographical Union said he was a capable worker. It was ascertained the next morning that after working an hour he had put the linotype so out of order that he had to abandon it and leave work unfinished that could not without much loss be delayed. It required a half-day by the operator who kept the machine in order to put it in shape next day. But according to the rules of the Union the operator who had so tangled the machine in one hours' time had to be paid the wage for the entire shift of seven hours—$4.50.

How We Procured Our First Cylinder Press.

Talking with Dr. Adams one day about this time of our need for a printing press and the saving of expense if we had one, and expressing the wonder whether Mr. Edward Coleman might not be induced to donate the money for one, Dr. Adams expressed a willingness to write a letter which he said would at least secure a courteous and careful hearing. When the need was presented to Mr. Coleman by me personally a few days later, I went away with the feeling that I had been in the presence of a considerate, courtly man—a Christian gentleman; a man of wealth who had it in his heart to do much for the advancement of God's kingdom. Remarking that the Rev. Walter Frear, at that time Pacific Coast Secretary of the American Board, was one of the directors of The Pacific and that I would be pleased to have him see him, Mr. Coleman stated that he would do so, adding that what Mr. Frear said would go a long way with him.

In a few days Mr. Coleman promised the money for the press. It was bought and installed, and we were another step on the way in mind when first step was taken in 1898. Our linotype was moved back to our rooms in Book Concern building; we continuing, however, to do the Town Talk composition.

And now just one more of the many difficult experiences with the Typographical Union. Our pressman, being idle one afternoon, and being perfectly willing to work at anything, never having been a Union man until he went in when Pacific office was unionized, went over to Town Talk office to carry back some linotype metal. The pressman in that office sent me word that this great offense must never be repeated, nor anything like it. If so, figuratively speaking, the heavens would blaze and fall. One thing after another led me to decide to take the office out of the Union at an opportune time. It came when Town Talk bought a machine of its own, and we lost their work. The secretary intimated in plain terms that we would get into trouble. I realized that if we went out, it would be necessary to have some non-union operators, we having then but one whom we could take out of the Union. To have them, they had to be trained from the beginning. But our linotype was busy day and night; none could be trained thereon. Another linotype must be purchased. I believed that, if we had it, gradually sufficient new work could be secured to justify its purchase. It was bought by me individually, putting into it about $3,500. Later another cylinder press was found necessary, it having, as thought, been possible to get more work.

A second-hand one was for sale at a bargain, and this was purchased by me personally. On the advice of friends these two purchases were not turned over to the Publishing Company of The Pacific and stock taken therefor, but were held as my personal property. Later a Dexter paper folder was necessary, and this was purchased by me at a cost of $1,500.

So matters stood in the early months of 1906. On the plan adopted in October, 1898, I was editor and manager of The Pacific, and there had also been built up by me a printing business, two-thirds of which belonged to me individually and as a stockholder in the corporation known as the Publishing Company of The Pacific.

The California Christian Advocate was a 24-page paper, with a circulation then of approximately 6000; it brought us about $90 a week. We had the Methodist, South, paper, several small weekly and monthly publications. The Pacific Presbyterian, which I had established and was conducting in connection with The Pacific, and a good line of job work.

It was something like this that my mind looked forward to in 1897, when my connection began with The Pacific—a printing establishment in which would be assembled the mechanical work on the various religious publications in San Francisco. An effort had been made several times to get the Catholic and the Episcopal papers, but unsuccessfully.

Up to the beginning of 1905 only a small amount had been realized by me annually out of my double investment—the one just as much for the benefit of The Pacific as the other, though not put direct into company ownership.

A Stable Condition Reached.

At last a stable place and condition had been reached. Mr. Barker, one of the directors of The Publishing Company of The Pacific, was so pleased with what had been accomplished that in the latter part of the year we talked over the matter of a small endowment in order that the serviceableness of the paper might be increased by improvements and the placing of it in many more homes. He stated a willingness to give $2,500 of something like $25,000 could be secured—persons paying an annual interest on their pledges and binding their estates for the principal. The Rev. Walter Frear and I interviewed Mr. Edward Coleman and secured a pledge of $5,000. I shall never forget the Christian courtesy of this man; and how easy he made it for us to talk with him about the desired gift. Mr. Coleman told us that The Pacific had long been his regular Sunday afternoon reading, and spoke of it as a useful publication, one worth perpetuating. He promised to bind his estate for $5,000 and pay thereon an annual interest of five per cent, provided the sum of $25,000 was subscribed; and made memoranda to that effect.

That Fateful April Morning.

Then came that fateful April morning in 1906 when the earth under our bay cities and other California cities trembled and shook and opened in great fissures; when thousands of buildings went down in ruins in a few seconds, at that early morning hour, and in the fires which ensued, the flames of which went up for days thereafter.

The forms for The Pacific of April 18, 1906, had been made up the evening of the previous day, and were on the press for early morning printing. We knew in the forenoon of that memorable day that the printing plant had been destroyed, though several days passed before any of us looked upon the ruins. What of the future of The Pacific? was the question in the minds of Editor and directors. It was made evident by letters a little later that it was a question asked all over the Pacific Coast.

On the 26th of April, just eight days after the disaster, there was mailed to the subscribers, so far as their names and addresses could be had definitely, from a three months old mailing list in the Editor's home in Berkeley, a four-page edition of the paper, in which was this note: "We send forth this week from the retreat of thousands of San Franciscans, on the east side of the bay, this four-page paper; and like others, begin to plan for the future. We cannot think that God wills it that a religious paper which has done all that The Pacific has in helping to shape the life of this Pacific Coast for more than fifty-five years shall perish with the smoldering ruins of that printing office. It needs only to be said here, just now, that if Pacific Coast Congregationalists want The Pacific to live it can live; like many other stricken interests, it can arise and build itself into the future."

Never was a paper of any kind anywhere more welcome than that four-page edition of The Pacific was all over the Coast—as excerpts from letters in a later issue show. In the issue for May 10 was this editorial note:

"It would be no more foolish to entertain the idea of not re-establishing the old First Church in the city where it has served so nobly for more than half a century, than it would be to conclude that Pacific Coast Congregationalism can get along without its paper, which has served every interest for fifty-five years, and which is no less needed today than at any other period in our history.

"As to plans nothing very definite can be stated just now. For a few weeks yet we shall continue to issue only four pages, but in a short time we shall get back to the usual size."

A Pacific Coast Congregational Congress was held in Los Angeles May 16-23 that year. A "Committee on The Pacific" was appointed, consisting of the Rev. George C. Adams, pastor of First Church, San Francisco; the Rev. Samual Greene, of Seattle, the field secretary in Washington of the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, the Rev. E. L. House, pastor of First Church, Portland; the Rev. George R. Wallace, pastor of Westminster Church, Spokane; and the Rev. George Soper, pastor of Pilgrim Church, Pomona. This committee reported

as follows:

"For eighteen years The Pacific was made possible by the generosity and self-sacrifice of Rev. John Kimball and Deacon S. S. Smith. When they were compelled to give it up, it became necessary to raise a large sum annually in order to support it. After several had tried it and given it up, Rev. W. W. Ferrier took charge of it and offered to put it on its feet provided money was furnished to aid in buying a linotype. This was done, and he has faithfully kept his word, though at great expense to himself; by opening a job printing office and using all the profits of that on the paper he has made it go. The fire in San Francisco has changed all this and while there was a fair amount of insurance, there was not enough to cover all the loss. The question we now have to face is the continuance of The Pacific; it is sorely needed in our churches on this Coast, and ought to be in every Congregational family.

"We, the special committee appointed by the Pacific Coast Congregational Congress, meeting in Los Angeles, recommend that the Pacific Coast churches be asked to raise the sum of $10,000 and place the same at the disposal of the Directors of The Pacific, and that every pastor be urged to present the cause to his people, and do all in his power to greatly increase the subscription list, and welcome either the editor or his representative to his parish."

This report was adopted unanimously and committees were appointed from the several states represented to cooperate in carrying out its provisions.

New Printing Outfit Installed.

A meeting of the directors of The Publishing Company of The Pacific was held in Berkeley on the 19th of June, 1906, from the Minutes of which is taken the following from a report made at that time by the Editor and Manager of The Pacific who was also the Secretary of The Publishing Company of The Pacific: "Before the end of the week of the earthquake and fire it became evident that speedy action was necessary if the paper was to be continued. I ascertained that a big price had to be paid for work done in other offices for the temporary issuance of the paper, and that no satisfactory terms could be had even by the year—that on any such plan it looked like suspension of publication ere long.

"It was evident also that if a printing plant was to be set up any time during the year 1906, an immediate order for a large part of it was necessary. Accordingly I ordered —to be owned either by myself, or by the Publishing Company of The Pacific, of which I am a part—such a printing outfit as seemed to me to be needed."

That action was taken because of what had been said to me by three men to whom is to be given large credit for the keeping of The Pacific on its way since that time in 1896 when the work was laid down by those two faithful men—Deacon S. S. Smith and the Rev. John Kimball—who had carried it along for 18 years. These men were the Rev. Walter Frear, Mr. James L. Barker, and Mr. W. H. Searby.

Without the counsel and advice, the encouragement and inspiration, the help in various ways from these splendid men, the history of these twenty years would not be written by me. In plain words, The Pacific would have gone out of existence long ago. These men, above all others with whom I came in contact, believed in it, gave of their time and money to it; and were for years my mainstay. There were others who helped much; but these three stand out pre-eminent. Mr. Coleman's money helped greatly—was, indeed, invaluable—the money given in smaller sums by others was of importance; but as I think back over the years I feel that to these three men I must pay special tribute.

It was Mr. Frear more than any other person who brought to me, down through the years, some of the faith and courage of the fathers with respect to The Pacific—always held by them to be an instrument of vast importance for the promotion of the kingdom of God on the Pacific Coast.

Directors Decide to Have The Pacific and the Printing Plant Denominationally Owned Entirely.

At a meeting of the directors held on the 2d of August, 1906, a recommendation that the printing plant purchased by me be taken over by The Publishing Company of The Pacific, was adopted unanimously. This motion involved the surrender by me of my stock, something more than half, and the payment to me of the amount of money thus subscribed and paid in, and the amount paid out above that in purchase of the plant. It was not, however, until March, 1908, that there was sufficient money in hand with which to do this.

This action was taken because we all deemed it best that the paper should be denominationally owned entirely—not in part only as theretofore. There were several reasons for this, among them being the fact that we desired to secure an endowment for it, and thus make it possible for it to be more serviceable.

In August, 1906, Mr. Frear and I went to Edward Coleman to ascertain if he would bind his estate for $5,000, at five per cent annually, without the provision that an additional sum of $20,000 be pledged. Mr. Coleman never was inclined to throw money away. There were so many places where good use could be made of it—so many calls on him to give. Having assurance that I would continue with the paper for several years longer, my health permitting, and so his gift not be endangered, he kindly consented to the request and made pledge accordingly.

In June, 1907, at the solicitation of the Board Mr. Coleman agreed to change his pledge; and, instead of binding his estate for the $5,000 to pay in at once $1,500 thereof, so that it might be used in connection with the insurance money then in hand as part payment to me for the printing plant. Later in order to consummate this bargain, it was necessary to ask Mr. Coleman if he would by a certain date pay the balance of $3,500, and he agreed to do it. Mr. Barker added $1,000 pledged by him if whole amount should be secured. About a thousand dollars was raised in five, ten, twenty-five and fifty dollar amounts. And, as already stated, after months of effort, in March, 1908, the transfer was made.

From August, 1906, to June, 1907, $7,160 in the $9,000 amount paid for the printing plant after the earthquake and fire stood as my personal investment or advancement. When Mr. Coleman's $1,500 was paid over in June, 1907, this was reduced to $6,170—at which figure it stood up to March, 1908, when that balance was paid.

A few months before this matter was brought to completion, the transfer of The Pacific and the plant to wholly denominational ownership, the foreman of the printing office made it known that he was planning to establish for himself a printing business, and made a proposition to lease our plant for a period of ten years. An effort was made to get him to enter into a partnership with The Publishing Company of The Pacific, or with me personally, believing that either arrangement would be to our advantage. But he had a practical printer, a good job-office man, whom he wished to associate with him, and the effort was unsuccessful. The great difficulties in the past in securing and keeping a good foreman led us to the securing of the most advantageous leasing contract possible, and to the entrance thereon early in 1908. That contract, renewed for ten years when one of the partners went out of the business in 1910, has two years yet to run.

Subsidies Needed on Any Other Plan.

If The Pacific had been continued during the twenty years since January, 1898, on any other plan than the one that was then initiated, it would have required a total subsidy of not less than $50,000, probably all in all $60,000. On any other plan, making provision for a salary for an editor and manager of only $1,500 a year, it would have required for the last ten years a subsidy of not less than $25,000—probably $30,000. A Pacific Coast paper, belonging to another denomination, a paper having an annual subsidy of $2,500, closed the year 1917 with an accumulated bill against it for print paper of more than $900 and about $1,000 owing to the office in which it is printed. Although paying from nine to eleven cents a pound for paper, for which before the war the price was five cents, The Pacific had no bills against it on the first of January, 1918. But the Editor and Manager realized for his work only $30 a month. During the twenty years the average annual amount realized has been about $750.

During these twenty years the cash contributions for the maintenance of The Pacific, on this plan, in and through the printing plant, have not exceeded $15,000. Of this amount $9,000 went into the printing plant now owned and operated for the maintenance of the paper, and which for all practical purposes is as good as it was when put in nearly twelve years ago. Part of the other six thousand went into the plant before the earthquake and fire, on which we received only about one-half in way of insurance. Other portions were used in getting the business established the first year or two, and in the carrying on of the paper for a time after the earthquake and fire.

While The Pacific has been carried along in the manner herein set forth, the Methodist Episcopal Church has put

up for the maintenance of the California Christian Advocate approximately $75,000; and the Methodist Church, South, for the Pacific Methodist Advocate, nearly $50,000.

What is here presented is merely an outline of the events and experiences of the twenty years. It is simply a going over the surface of things—and of the business side alone.

Nothing, scarcely, has been said as to the editorial side; and all in all the depths are untouched.

As I look back over the years I have no regrets because of the decision in 1897 to enter on the work. It has been worth while. There are compensations other and better than compensation in money. The Pacific has been of service in varied ways, and I have my remuneration in the consciousness that I have helped keep it on its helpful way at least for twenty years.

FROM SUNNY SAN FRANCISCO TO FRIGID FRESNO.

The trip was made on April 12th. The climatic change experienced in passing from the one place to the other may not have been the usual one. Indeed, it may have been quite "unusual." I used to say to friends in Santa Barbara with whom I found it safe now and then, to speak wickedly, that the most unusual thing I could find in that Paradise of comfort and bloom, would be the usual weather. If the sun shone down upon me hotly, and we hugged the shady side of the street, this was "so unusual." If it occurred that one was caught in a shower without an umbrella, this too was "so unusual." If a strong wind was blowing into one's eyes this too was "so unusual." And doubtless, it was so, and if I wanted to find the usual weather I ought to have come another time.

So it may have been in Fresno when mine host was prompted to remark, "Frost tonight, I'm afraid. It would do great damage just now." Happily there was no frost, but I found that night that I could be comfortable only under a bed covering heavier than I ever used in a San Francisco January.

But there was nothing else for me frigid in Fresno. Cordial greetings and a gladsome hospitality! Pleasant talks about Christian work with noble Y. M. C. A. secretaries, men feeling just now that they have no abiding city, but may be called anywhere at any time, and will be ready to pack the grip and go! A Sunday morning sermon at the cozy and beautiful Congregational church by Prof. Bade, on a text from which I think no other Bible student ever preached; "I should have received mine own with interest," from which he drew out and gave to us a "feast of fat things"—a Sunday evening with our Japanese brother, Fukushima, at the Japanese Congregational church!—there was nothing frigid anywhere.

A visit to our Chinese mission was much less encouraging, but was stimulating, to say the least of it, as showing that something must be done if the work of Christ for the Chinese in that city—a work for which He has made us specially responsible through the blessing He bestowed upon it years ago—something beyond what is now being done or those dear old days will never be returned to us. Habakkuk's prayer was often on my lips, "Oh, Jehovah Jesus; revive thy work"; make it alive again, as of old.

This involves no criticism of the officials of the Y. M. C. A., in whose hands this work has been placed. Special circumstances, growing out of the war, have enforced several changes in the administration of affairs in that Association so that new officers have had scarcely time enough to see what needed to be done, before they were summoned to leave. I was specially drawn in brotherly love to Mr. Jack Byfield, who is now in special charge of the Chinese work, but I found that he was in almost daily expectation of being called away.

The Japanese Church, which for seven years or more has been self-sustaining, is instinct with [illegible]. It has 101 members, after a revision of its roll, from which ten names were recently removed. Four were added at its last communion season. At present many of its members are temporarily absent, doing spring work in the vineyards and orchards. A Sunday-school with an average attendance of 52 crowds unduly the chapel; a Y. P. S. C. E., with an enrolled membership of 36; an English school with an enrollment of 48; a Woman's meeting with a cooking school and divers other activities, call for more room. And this the church has undertaken to provide, by the purchase of a Baptist Chinese Mission House building quite near our church, well fitted for the uses of both a parsonage and a parish house. The price is $3,000, and it does not scare this little flock. If I correctly understood the case, the bargain for it is already virtually closed. W. C. P.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Prayer-meeting every Wednesday morning at 10 a. m. at Headquarters. Everybody most cordially welcomed.

The chapter for consideration at the Wednesday prayer meeting of the W. B. M. P. was the one on the Master's Self-restraint in the "Manhood of the Master." The fact was dwelt on that Christ's goodness was positive not negative, a triumph over temptation not "mildly inking in a lead pencil sketch handed down from heaven." Our attitude toward temptation must not be that of foolishly inviting it, but of going steadily and joyfully to our duty in the spirit George MacDonald depicts in "Robert Falconer." "This is a sane, wholesome, practical, working faith; first, that it is man's business to do the will of God; second, that God takes on himself the special care of that man; and third, that therefore that man ought never to be afraid of anything." And the results of such living come unconsciously but resistlessly. "A deepening character is generally the unsconscious result of consciously chosen influences."

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A letter from Miss Benton came to us from Arizona, in which she speaks of visits in Phoenix, Tempe and Nogales. The real beginnings of a real Arizona Branch are under way. She writes that the Nogales church is definitely to exceed its apportionment, so there is evidently good soil for missionary harvests.

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Bertha Allen Recounts Her Experience on a Trip to Kucheng.

Kucheng, Fukien Prov., China, Jan. 21, 1918.

Dear Friends All:

How I wish you could every one have had the interesting trip which I had coming up here to Kucheng. It was the most interesting yet of my experiences, for it was full of all sorts of unexpected happenings and the splendid Chinese messenger, with whom I was travelling, was a real hero. It should have taken me two days and nights, but the launch, being Chinese, decided to wait over for twenty-four hours to have its inner workings adjusted, so for three whole days there was not a person in sight who spoke a word of English and I learned more Chinese than in a week with a teacher.

You probably first want to know why I wanted to come up here. Miss Jacob, the English kindergartner for the

U. K. T. S. and Miss Fagg have been finishing off a class of seven fine Chinese girls who have been taking kindergarten training, three of them in the name of our U. K. T. S. They asked me to come up and help examine them and be here for their graduation. I was delighted to come, for the trip has a great reputation for beauty and after I really begin work I will not have time to go sight-seeing. Then, too I wanted to see how well the girls had been getting the kindergarten spirit.

With my two bamboo baskets and the messenger, I'll call him "G" for gentleman, we left Panasang early in the evening and wound our way down to the river, to a tiny boat in which we curled up with our fire-baskets to keep warm until we should reach the Upper Bridge. Here we were to change at midnight onto the launch. It was cold and clear, but we wrapped ourselves up on the hard boards and were quite comfortable. Midnight found us tied to the dark launch's side, with no prospect of the engine starting. Every few minutes "G" would call out to some neighboring boat to ask if the launch was soon starting, but no one knew more than we did. At day light "G" hopped ashore and discovered that the launch had decided to leave out that day's trip. The messenger talked a Kucheng brogue, making it a little hard for me to understand him, but I picked up my belongings from the boat floor and followed him ashore. He led the way to a native inn where he found a tiny dark room off of the main room and deposited me. This was great fun, for I have been envying folks who told of inn experiences they had had, ever since I arrived in Foochow.

The one light the size of a pea, the crowd of men eating their early rice the other side of the broken glass partition, the bamboo fire baskets which all carried, and the bed "shelf" where I was sitting wrapped in my steamer rug and rurrounded by my baskets, all made such an interesting scene that I had to smile to myself. "G" appeared with a wash basin of steaming hot water, administered some advice to the curious crowd which turned their eyes toward the street, cooked me an egg, brought a cup of hot water, and I sat in great style in my private breakfast room.

After a walk around the scraggly village and across the old stone bridge with a tiny girl taking a bamboo cup of ground rice to her sister's house to ask if it was ground fine enough, I went to our little Mission chapel, where I had been before. The preacher was hospitality itself when he heard that I would have to spend the day there. He opened his whole house to me, which roofed the day schools, the chapel, a kindergarten and his own big family.

Here I wrote letters and had the novel experience of teaching my first Chinese kindergarten. The little woman in charge knew nothing about a kindergarten, but the preacher wasn't going to have anyone else get ahead of him, so had gathered this group of fifteen dear little folks, put this woman over them and called it his "kindergarten." He surely is a man with "push" and I do hope he will not get discouraged, but will hold on a few more years until we can train a kindergartner for him. I had a good time with these children, though I don't think they understood half I tried to say. I especially tried to give the woman a tiny idea of some of the things she could do with the children, but have great doubts as to my success. Anyway, she insisted afterwards on taking me to her house and putting an egg in each of my pockets.

Night saw me cuddled up on my inn bed, awaiting the midnight launch whistle. The dim lights cast wierd shadows around the walls as the men passed in and out of the outer room, voices came through the thin partitions on all sides of me and smoke drifted through the two broken panes into my "partment." Yes, it made me realize it was really Chinese Inn, but it was so interesting that it was very endurable.

PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION GRADUATION EXERCISES.

These exercises will be held in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley, Thursday evening, May 2, at eight o'clock. The address will be given by the Rev. Dr. Cornelius H. Patton.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CONGREGATIONAL CONFERENCE.

The annual meeting will be held in First Church, Pasadena, May 13-15. The Pacific hoped to have an outline of the program this week, but none has arrived.

MINISTERS' PICNIC.

The Congregational ministers' families of the Bay region will picnic in Mill Valley on Monday next. Take the boat for Sausalito at 9:45 a. m. This is an unusual affair. The order of the day is an original nature poem from each member. Bring basket lunch; hot coffee will be provided by the committee.

LONG BEACH.

Up among the Orange County mountains, Rev. Henry Kendall Booth and wife of the Long Beach Church, are spending a vacation free from most of the parochial cares of seven days in the week.

The spot is a part of the tract once owned and occupied by the famous actress, Modjeska. All around in delightful confusion are big hills and peaks; there are great leafy oaks, and the low lands and high lands alike are covered at this period of the year with luxuriant growths of lush and brilliant wild flowers. Most attractive is this quiet region for the rebuilding of depleted forces and for gaining that which every leader imperatively needs, enlarged vision.

Yet Mr. Booth prefers to be with his church people and to stand in his own pulpit on Sunday mornings (the evening service being omitted) therefore he makes a speedy auto run to Long Beach in the early hours of that day.

Nothing could seem more appropriate than that on April 21st, the first Sunday of his vacation, he should bring a message from the eternal hills entitled, "The Springtime of the Soul," which was redolent of Nature's preparation and growth and a parable of Immortality.

A surprise awaited the pastor when on entering the room of the Men's Bible class, he found all the members standing as a salutation in honor of a birthday just passed. Other objects also claimed his attention, for tehre in profusion were masses of lupin, roses of many hues, sweet peas and callas, fleur de lis, the piano crowned with festoons of baby's breath, while on the teacher's table was a great bouquet of heliotrope.

"Vision and Service" the subject of the morning's lesson, fittingly chimed with the spirit of the hour.

A CORRECTION IN REGORD TO THE ALTURAS CHURCH.

In the issue of the Pacific for April 11 it is stated in an article concerning the work at Alturas: "During the last

six months seven have united with the church, sixteen by profession of faith etc." It should read "twenty-seven" instead of "seven."

It may also be of interest to some to know the latest returns of the Every Member Canvass for the financial support of the church.

Before the E. M. C. was adopted there were 30 definite subscriptions amounting to $547. As a result of announcement from the pulpit 19 new subscriptions were handed in amounting to $179.40. The E. M. C. committee secured 7 more new subscriptions amounting to $65 and the treasurer through correspondence secured 8 more amounting to $122.80, making a total increase of 34 new subscriptions amounting to $367.80 or 113 per cent and 67 per cent respectively. This does not represent a net gain as several were contributing regularly before. We still lack a hundred dollars or so in order to become self-supporting.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, RIVERSIDE.

Rev. Geo. Laughton of Hilo, Hawaii, has accepted the call from Riverside and expects to preach his first sermon May 19th.

Last week a gloom came over our church and community at the passing away, after a short illness of W. H. Purington, who has been a staunch, energetic, true Christian member of this church since 1888. Mr. Purington as a lawyer was considered one of the formost in his profession in Southern California and his opinion was regarded as positive.

No man in the church or community worked harder for the things which would uplift and better in anyway. He was devoted to his church, to which he gave generously of himself, heart, intellect and of his worldly possessions. He always filled important offices in the church, being trustee for many years, giving his legal advice, which was much needed during the erection of the new church.

The members of First Church extend their heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Purington (who has been a life long member and ardent worker) and all who are left to mourn his loss.

Mr. Purington was a man of big, broad ideas, a patriotic and earnest citizen of his town and county; devoted to church and nation, and his passing brings deep sorrow to every corner of the city and county. Funeral services were held from the Congregational church Saturday last at 3 p. m., conducted by Dr. Haywood of the Methodist Church and Dr. Horace Porter, former pastor of the church.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The nineteenth annual meeting of the Portland Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers began its first session April 15th at 2:30 p. m. in the auditorium of the First Congregational Church at Madison and Park streets.

The Association was called to order by Rev. Hugh Pedley, D.D., acting pastor of the First Church, and Rev. C. F. Clapp, pastor of the Congregational Church at Washougal, Washington, led the devotional service.

Organization was effected by the election of Rev. A. J. Sullens, Superintendent of Home Missions of Oregon, as Moderator, Rev. W. H. Myers, pastor of the Park Rose Congregational Church, Scribe and Rev. J. J. Handsaker of the Laurelwood Congregational Church, Assistant Scribe.

The roll call indicated that fifteen churches out of the seventeen in the Portland Association were represented by fourteen ministers and fifty delegates.

Reports from the churches were quite generally given, nearly all indicating a healthy growth during the past year. While there had been a number of changes in the pastorates only two deaths had occurred among the ministers of the Association—that of Rev. Luther R. Dyott, D.D., pastor of the First Church and Rev. J. H. Barnett of the St. John Church, and the presentation of a memorial was referred to a special committee consisting of Rev. John J. Staub, Rev. W. C. Kantner, Rev. A. C. Moses, Rev. A. J. Sullens.

The Highland Church reported that sixteen young men who had been members of the Sunday School of that church had answered to the call for service in the United States Army, and that one of the number had been killed in France within a few days. When this announcement was made the entire audience arose by common impulse and remained standing for a few moments in silent prayer and then united in singing "America."

The Tercentenary of the advent of Congregational Churches in America will be celebrated in the latter part of 1920, and a special effort known as "The Every Member Drive," to continue until the close of that year, is being inaugurated all over the United States. This subject was presented by Rev. W. W. Scudder, of Boston, Mass., Associate Secretary of the National Congregational Council, to whom has been assigned the exploitation of the plan inaugurated by the National Council in Columbus last October. Discussion followed, led by the Moderator.

At 6:30 p. m. the "Fellowship Supper" prepared by the Ladies' Aid Society of the First Church, was served, during which time an opportunity was given for the renewal of former acquaintances. One of the interesting features of this hour was the opportunity for becoming acquainted with Rev. Henry K. Wingate, a classmate of Rev. A. C. Moses, Mr. Wingate was a missionary in Turkey, and was only able to get away from that country six months ago. He had a most thrilling experience.

The evening session was devoted to a praise service led by the Moderator and address on "The War and the New Era," by Rev. Cornelius H. Patton, D.D., Boston, Mass., Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions and an address on "The War and the New Woman," by Miss Miriam Woodberry, New York City, Secretary of the Woman's Home Missionary Society.

The first session of the second day was given to the further presentation of the Tercentary programme by Rev. W. W. Scudder, followed by discussion, Rev. A. C. Moses leading, followed by the Rev. John J. Staub in the presentation of "Evangelism," and discussion led by Rev. Warren Morse.

At the afternoon session the subject of "Recruiting and Training" was presented by Rev. Cornelius H. Patton, with discussion by Rev. J. H. Matthews as leader, then followed Rev. W. W. Scudder with remarks on "Stewardship," a theme quite directly related to the "Tercentary" program. Rev. Edward Constant directed the discussion.

Mrs. Eleanor Palmer presided at the "Woman's Hour," Mrs. J. J. Handsaker leading the devotional exercises. The Association was given a rare treat at this time in the address by Miss Miriam Woodberry.

The "Fellowship Dinner," was a special feature, with Rev. Hugh Pedley presiding, and the exchange of experiences relating to the varied phases of Christian work, emphasized the necessity of a greater degree of fellowship than has been the case as a rule.

The evening session was devoted to a praise service, and addresses by Miss Woodberry and Dr. Patton, the first on "Our Itaian Neighbors," and the second on "Africa."

These two earnest and most efficient workers should be given enthusiastic and most cordial reception wherever

they appear. They certainly have messages to which most earnest heed should be given. And these messages relate to the probable conditions growing out of the great war that will have to be met and dealt with when it is over.

Portland, April 21, 1918.

KNOWING AND LOVING.

I John iv:20.

'Tis not in visions that enthrall,
Nor wondrous signs, the mystic saith,
Nor dreamy mists that round me fall,
I find the reason of my faith.

I trust not in a God revealed;
I ask to know as I am known;
His life is not by flesh concealed,
It lives in me; it is my own.

Closer His being to my thought
Than man unto himself can be;
Out of His life, my life is wrought
And yet He lives to make me free.

I find myself in Him; I find
In Him my brother; He can make
Of twain one soul; that tie shall bind
Many in one, for Love's own sake.

Loving my brother man, I know
God, and my brother—know and love;
Know him because I love him, though
Knowledge is first, the sages prove.

Nay, love is first and midst and last;
All knowledge is from love indeed;
And faith the germ that love holds fast
The fruit of love's immortal seed.

—Washington Gladden.

A lady received the following reply from a neighbor in answer to a question as to why she allowed her children and her husband to litter up every room in the house. The sentiment will find lodgment in the heart of every home-loving person in the land: "The marks of little, muddy feet upon the floor can be more easily removed than the stains where the little feet go into the highways of sin. The prints of the little fingers upon the windowpanes can not shut out the sunshine half so much as the shadow that darkens the mother's heart over the one who will be but a name in the coming year. And if my John finds home a refuge from care and his greatest happiness within its four walls, he can put his boots in the rocking chair and hang his hat on the floor any day in the week. And if I can stand it and he enjoys it, I can not see that it is anybody's business."

When Paul warned us against being unduly anxious he added that the habit of prayer is the antidote for the habit of anxiety. Prayer puts us into communion with God and causes us to see things in a clearer light, and removes from us the tendency to worry and fretfulness.

"Motives are seeds,
To shoot without an aim is a waste of powder.
Between two evils some folks choose both.

In scorning the brother less gifted, take heed that thou findest not fault with God.—W. T. Besser.

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